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Devoted to the Principles of Irus Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

{ FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XIII.--NUMBER 7.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

TERMS.--\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Terms of Advertising. 1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion, - - 50 Each subsequent insertion less than 13, Square three months, ---one year, hule and figure work, per sq., 3 ins. Every subsequent insertion, a a a a a i fisplayed Single-column, each insertion less than four, Lach additional insertion,

one month, u per square of 10 lines, each inscrition under 4, Parts of columns will be inserted at the same Administrator's or Executor's Notice, Auditor's Notices, each, - - - - - -

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uot exceding 8 lines, per year -- 5 00 Special and Editorial Notices, per line, 10 All transient advertisements must be midia advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless the are accompanied by the money or satisfactor;

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Condersport, Pa., will attend the several Who feel the earthquake heaving in its Courts in Petter and M'Kean Counties. All chains, business entrusted in his care will receive and Third streets.

F. W. KNOX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Couldersport, Pa., will Not in the selfishness of social war, regularly attend the Courts in Potter and State agitations, and the building up the adjoining Counties.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and Fourth streets.

ISAAC BENSON. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport. Pa., will rate and promptness. Office on Second st., mear the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

CHARLES REISSMANN, CABINET MAKER, having creeted a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West streets, will be happy to Unforge the fetters of Humanity! receive and fill all orders in his calling Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice

Cordersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-1y.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., lage and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22 Compared to the professional services. When the gloom of their habiliments was not deeper than the gloom on their frees. What time does the cast come in. Alice?"

"At four o'clock?"

"And it is five now?

COLLINS SMITH. SMITH & JONES, DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Pancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART D. E. OLMSTED & CO., DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

M. W. MANN, DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAG-AZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Condersport, Pa. 10:1 and Third sts., Condersport, Pa.

H. J. OLMSTED. :::::::::: S, D. KELLY. OLMSTED & KELLY, DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON

WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court if fear had grown suddenly desperate.

House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Alice did not reply but sat very still Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Pot-

ALLEGANY HOUSE, BAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Petter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Cou-dersport on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

LYMAN HOUSE, C. C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co.,

EZRA STARKWEATHER, BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has reestablished a shop in the building form-erly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Condersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange to

12:34. Z. J. THOMPSON, CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKEB and RE-PAIRER, Condersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with prompuness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of

POETRY

From Blackwoods' Edinburg Magazine .. PROGRESS.

2 50 The broad advances of material power, 4 00 The onward sweep of intellectual good, And nations moving into manhood new 6 00 Through wisdom and authentic civil change 3 00 O soul-expansive croed! O faith to stir 50 The individual breast which hopes divine, 18 00 And breathe forgetfulness of private wrong! 10 00 But when I ask myself what these have done 7 00 What failed to do, I felt as if an air, 30 00 Steady and chill, from some waste wilderness
Swept cold across the chambers of my heart For through the heavy multitudinous roll, 3 00 Heard underneath the noises of the hour

2 00 From Life's dark hollows, as I thought, a cry Doublescolumn, displayed, per annum 65 00 Unice. ed, inarticulate, went up,
" " " " " Which forcibly found words within my
" " " " " " breast:—

> Still we suffer wrongs untoid, Robbed of peace and joy and health, Slowly slain, both young and old, For the rich man's greed of wealth. How long shall our hearths lie cold? How long shall our lives be sold? Rise, ye men of nobler mould. Say it shall not be forever!

Vainly doth the poor man groan, Vainly doth he speak his grief. "Work on, till thy days be flown; Seek not, save in death, relief?" It is t ins they mock his mean, While they take from him his own Leaving him the grave alone.
Where to sleep at rest forever!

Shall there not deep vengeance fall On the tyrants pitiless, Holding cursed festival In a people's beariness? Vengeance late or soon will fall On the oppressors one and all, Covering, like a fuseral pall, These iniquities forever!

O would that all men who have eyes to see,

Would lay to heart the remedy of things prount attenties. Office corner of West Disjointed, ere they perish, and would turn and Third streets.

10:1 Where lies the one hope of the grouning earth i

Nor will I doubt my country shall find help-A Babel of unripe democracies; But in the charity of man to man: In the acknowledgment of blood Drawn from a common Father; in the sense Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all husiness Of Christ's desert wherein we all are rich, entrusted to his care, with promptnes and And of our own wherein we all are poor. fide ity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main This is that touch of nature which will make The whole world kin, and bring "the golder

year." And God be thanked that many to this end Are working, by the untaithful and inert attend to all business entrusted to him, with Derided, not defeated, and though faint, Pursuing; the laborious pioneers Who point the scope of elemental Right; Who make the rough ways smooth, the crook

ed straight; P. S. Wonsley

MISCELLANY. "Only Words."

faces. "What are we to do, Alice?" said the mother, breaking in upon a long silence. step over to the post office?" daughter's lips.
"Yes, if—but Westbrook lies more

than a thousand miles distant. It was she came in. a sad day for us my child, when we left there. We have had nothing since but trouble and sorrow."

Tears flowed silently over the mother's there is no help for us in this world.

thoughts bave grown weary in some fruit- as she ran back home. less effort.

ing up, that we were back in Westbrook, where her mother was anxiously awaiting the leaf of bread and pitcher of milk as the middle of October, a change occurs, and in our old home. That dear old her.

was only a dream."

here!" sighed the mother. "Suppose you write to him," sug- been paralyzed. Taking up the letter, all around them. gested Alice, "the thought comes this Alice read it. . moment into my mind. I am sure he would help us. You know what an ex- finished reading the letter, "and there the promised lessons. cellent man he is "

"I will, this very day," replied the from the lips of a friend." mother, with hope and confidence in her mother, with hope and confidence in her "Words do not teed the hungry of read assets placed by a seription. When I had done that the colorings are produced by 1cy Jack. seription. When I had done that the colorings are produced by 1cy Jack. Seription. When I had done that the seription work at odd devil took such a grip on me that I could be such as grip on me that I could be such as grip on gave you the dream, Alice."

and note the manner in which it is re- ten years old, bare-footed and mengerly morrow," said Mrs. Maynard. "It will a grand exhibition he makes! At his Kinus never hear the voice of truth and note the manner in which it is re- ten years one, pare-noted, and meagany ceived. We find it in the hands of Mr. clad, came in with a pitcher in one hand be as easy to teach half a dozen as two." touch, the oak turns a rich brown, or until they are dethroned, nor do heauties "Won't Tom Jones be glad though," reddish purple; the birch and larch are until they have abdicated their charms. the work. REA All kinds of PRODUCE ceived. We und it in the hand of and a small basket in the other.

is sitting with a troubled look in his face. willingly I would help you, were it in accept them." my power. But misfortune has not come "Your mother is very kind. Henry, hold also, and the thresholds of thousands am very much obliged to her." changes since you went away.

Mr. Fleetwood took the letter from the table on which he had placed it, and laid it in a drawer. "Poor Alice Maynard!" he sighed, as he shut the drawer and was an eager, expectant cry for help; but he had no help to give. The widowed now could be offer her mere words in return-cold, disappointing words?

For two days the letter remained in the drawer where he had placed it.

'I cannot bring myself to write an an- now I can spell in two syllables." swer. Say what I will, and the language must seem to her but heartless sentences. She cannot understand how greatly things have changed with me since she went out from Westbrook. If she does not hear from me she may think her letter has been miscarried. She, like the rest of us, is in God's hands. He will take care of her. We are of more value than the sparrows."

But this could not satisfy Mr. Fleetwood. He had a conscience, and it would not let him omit a plain duty without reprocf.

"If you have no money to give; offer her kind and hopefull words," said the inward monitor. "Even the erp of cold water must not be withheld!"

Unable to make peace with himself Mr. Fleetwood at last sat down to answer the widow's letter. He wrote her a brief,

more to his satisfaction. This answer he with light feet to tell the news.

t away for its remote destination. Let unseen, around us." is return to Mrs. Maynard.

"We should have had an answer from Heetwood two days ago, Alice." The daughter signed, but did not an-

"And it is five now?" "Yes, ma'am."

hand.

work? But no one wants the service flickering in the wind, passing wearily here that I can give.

"My own thought, mother. There are called "Indian Summer?" you ask. The more that I can give. "We shall starve, at this rate," spoke post office again. Now a letter was placed are growing up in as much ignorance as during this period the Indians are accust out the mother, in wild kind of a way, as in her hand, directed to her mother, and Henry Auld and his sister. Their pa-tomed to gather their stores of corn and on the invelope she read, with a heart lents will not, or cannot send them to lice and nuts for the Winter. Alice did not reply, but sat very still, bound the word "Westbrook." Not school. These children have immortal Mr. Merriam, and everybody else who in an abstracted way, like one whose fleeter than her footsteps was the wind souls, and almost infinite capacities that owns a thermometer, has observed that

home! How plain I saw everything? The hands of Mrs. Maynard shock as I feel, dear mother, that such truth will slight exceptions, an increase of daily I sat at the window looking out upon the she opened and unfolded the long hoped not be in vain. Mr. Fleetwood's letter heat. This is not peculiar to our contilittle garden in front, from which the air for answer. It was brief, and its con- has turned the channel of my thoughts tent. In northern Europe and Asia. came in filled with the odor of flowers, tents understood in a few moments.— in a new direction. May God reward there is a period known as "the second LYMAN HOUSE,

C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co.,

Pa. This House is situated on the East by, just as it used to be; and he stopped on her mother as she reed in silence, saw time of need, and said so kindly and just before the beginning of Winter. corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & and said, "Good morning, Alice," in that her countenance change, grow pale, and wisely." Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-15.

Mind way in which he always spoke to the look of hopeful expectation died out wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-15.

The daughter's hope and faith flowed by one feature almost unknown elsewhere. Tuscany, Lombardy, Modenn, Paruna and into the mother's heart. They were not We refer to the brilliant changes of the Nanles have successively riedfald to rever "Ali, if there was a Mr. Fleetwood her face so as to hide it from view, and asked was to be shown their work; and Nature were trying to conceal the decay

And the letter was written.

door of the room in which they were sit—hear what would come next.

Let us follow this letter to Westbrook, ting was pushed open, and a boy about "Bring them along when you come to most of it in a single night. And what

"There is no help in me," he said at he said, with a pleasant smile on his face, went out through the gate. it aside. "Poor Mrs. Maynard? Is the and there was a loaf of bread, hot from Fleetwood received no response to the an-crimson, and scatlet and pink; the evelday indeed so dark? God knows how the oven in the basket. "She says please swer which he had given to Mrs. May greens retain their original green and set

besides. Westbrook has seen some said "And she's very much obliged to you,"

said the boy. "For what, Henry?" "Don't you know?" looked at her in a pleased way.

Mrs. Maynard shook her head.

"I've forgotten." "We haven't then, mother and I. You me A B C's; making me go over them Maynard wrote:

new milk?"

"Yes, ma'am." "You can't read it?" "No."

ind let me give you another lesson.' shine came into the boy's face.

"Yes, Henry, and with pleasure. You may come every day if you will." "May I? Oh, that will be good!

little farther-"What is it, Henry ?" said Mrs. May-

nard, encouragingly. —She wants to learn so badly. 'most knows her letters."

Two women—a mother and daughter swer.

—together in a small room, meagerly "What time does the mail from the while reading Mr. Fleetwood's letter, as having spoken them!

very still for many moments; then she he folded the letter with moist eyes. opened the letter, which she held in her "Only words! They seemed such a cold to the only strong and is thought the letter with moist eyes."

To his own principles, and I have said to the letter with moist eyes.

"If we were only back again to dear Alice went and returned, as on the for Mr. Fleetwood. It is hard, when compel n yelf to write them. Yet see Westbrook," fell longingly from the two previous days, with nothing in her years lay upon us their long and accumu- their good fruit! If we cannot do, let lating burthens, to find earthly props sud- us speak kindly and hopefully at least "No letter?" said Mrs. Maynard, as deply removed. Poor men! It is hard, I will not forget the lesson." it seems as if he ought to have been spar-"None," was the sadly spoken reply. cd. What he had to give he has given 'Oh, why has he not written? If freely, and I thank him with grateful

Another day of waiting, in which that days of darkness. He will show us the garded as genuine and orthodox, if it ap-

the floor, her hands were held up against indolent, self-indulgent women. All they foliage of the trees. It would seem as if she sat with the stillnes of one who had now, in their eyes, it seemed to be lying which is stealing upon her, by the in-

Alice read it.

On the next day Henry Auld came the Spring like youthfulness of her voice "He writes kindly," said Alice, as she over with his sister Katy, and received and air. But let us not slander her.

girls who wish to know how to learn to tember. It begins, in a small way, be "Words do not feed the hungry or read?" asked Mrs. Maynard, as the chil- fire frost: but the most sudden and bril-

"Mother sent these, Miss Maynard." she heard Henry say to his sister as they yellow; the tulip-tree a rich lemon color;

pard's imploring letter. He did not re off the other hues in fine contrast. member distinctly what he had written. One gets a fine display, if he can contto you alone. It has passed my three replied Mrs. Maynard. "Tell her that I He only knew that he had sent her mere mand the view of a range of wooded hills." feeling.

And the boy must have seemed!" he would say to him- is declining behind the hills. The obself sometimes.

turned away. All day long the thought "Don't you remember one day, when I with me? If she could see into my breast, hanoy, and suggest at times the idea of of that letter troubled him. How could was over here, that you asked me if I poor woman! But she is in the hands of God, and He is a friend who sticketh this brilliancy is often subdued by a hand loser than a brother."

At last there came a reply to his words mother had asked him for bread; and asked me if I could read, and I said no. of encouragement and hope, which, though the phases of Indian Summer on canvass, Then you told me I must learn right flowing warm from his heart, see ned to but as yet with only partial success; no away, and you got a book and showed grow so cold in the utterance. Mrs.

a good many times until I knew them all My DEAR SIR :- More than four children to do; and something for you to June. These are the days for enjoyment, do, and your hands will find the work perhaps beyond any days of the round It may now be lying, all unseen, around year. As to a scientific explanation of you." My heart blessed you, Sir, for these various phenomena, we do not pro-"Then you must bring your book over those hopeful, suggestive words. Yes, pose now to attempt it.—American Ay-God had work for me to do-and it was riculturist. "Oh, will you?" A light like sun-lying, even when I wrote to you in my fear and despair, all around me, though unscen by my dull eyes. Like apples of And Mrs. Maynard-" Henry cheeked letters, and his poor but grateful mother concerning Douglas, and their former rehimself. He evidently wished to go a sent me in return a louf of bread and a lations with each other. He said:

was also about destroying; but he checked "What does this mean, Alice?" said der our care, and we have not wanted for ty of Chester, who has heard me say a inimself with the words:

"I might pen forty letters, and the light seemed breaking.

Let this one go!"

And he folded, sealed and directed it. says." replied Alice, "the work that God the parents of t And he folded, sealed and directed it. says," replied Alice, "the work that God tice from the town council that an appro-The next mail that left Westbook bore has for us to do may now be lying, all printion of one hundred dollars a year had been decived. I have not unseen, around us."

"This is no mere chance," remarked Mrs. Maynard, in a thoughtful way.

"Don't you remember," said Alice, "how often dear father used to say there was no such thing as chance? I felt.

"Won't you put on your bonnet and hand, and read it through slowly. and heartless return for good deeds, ask timate friends—to his private secretary. "It reads different now. I am sorry ed pleadingly and in tears, that I had to

> The Indian Summer. This beautiful, almost fairy season,

help come not from Mr. Fleetwood, feelings. Yes, I have a father in Heav-nigh at hand. It sometimes, occurs in there is no help for us in this world.

en, and I will look up to him in these October, though we believe it is not re-"If I could only get something to do," deferred hope which maketh the heart way. Who knows but the path is opened pear before November. For ourselves, said Alice, "how willingly would I sick trembled like the light of a taper for us?"

will be developed for good or evil. They from the end of August to the end of "A letter, and from Westbrook!" she are God's children. Let us care for them, September, there is a gradual and con-"I dreamed last night," she said look cried out eagerly, as she entered the room and God will care for us. Let us take stant diminution of heat; but that about hardest part of my labors among you. If the sign of God's providence towards us. and for two weeks or more, there is, with But in America, this period is marked creased gorgeousness of her apparel, and

finished reading the letter, "and there the promised lessons.

This change in the hues of vegetation is comfort even in words when they come "Do you know any other boys and is indeed perceptible somewhat in Sep She had scarcely said this when the plied Henry, and then stood waiting to spells throughout October and the first not shake him off." Delinquents reflect

the peperidge fiery scarlet; the maples

words when she asked for deeds. He ascending by gentle slopes; he then sees never thought of her without a troubled the tops of the trees, in all colors, and fading off into the distance. And the "How cold and heartless that letter effect is still further hightened if the stid lique mays glancing through the many "Ah, if she really knew how it was tinted leaves, give them increased brilwith me? If she could see into my breast, hancy, and suggest at times the idea of of God, and He is a friend who sticketh this brilliancy is often subdued by a hars of blue vapor and smoke.

Attemps have been made to represent coloring, and no verbal description can place it before the eyes of one who has not beheld it. And, what adds to the "It is no use," he would say, as the by heart. Then you gave me the book months ago you wrote to me, "You have tharm of this season, the temperature of thought of it now had again intruded I have studied it almost every day, and a Father in Heaven, dear Madam, and a the air becomes milder than it had been now I can spell in two syllables."

Father who has not forgotten you. Look for several weeks; ou some days, it is "And this is why your mother sent me to Him, and hope in Him." And you balmy and still and voluptuously soft, be such a nice loaf of bread and a pitcher of said also, "He has something for all his yound anything in the sweetest day of new milk?"

Hickman on Douglas.

In his speech at West Chester (his gold in pictures of silver, were your fitly home) on Friday last. Hon. John Hickspoken words. I had taught a child his man made some very pointed statements

pitcher of milk for my children. Your "Particular pains have been taken to letter and this offering, in God's provi- say that I had turned traitor to my fordence, came together. I had the text mer professions, and abandened Stephen "May I bring Katy along sometimes? and illustration side by side. There were A. Douglas. I have never abandoned —She wants to learn so badly. She many ignorant children in our town, said any of my political doutrines, and I never Alice and I, one to the other, and they was a Douglas man. [Applause.] I it over twice tore it up, saying as he did so,
"It reads like mockery. She esked
me for bread, and it seems like giving her a stone."

Then he tried it again, but not much more to his satisfaction. This answer he with light feet to tell the news.

Mice and I, one to the other, and they are God's children. Let us teach more to the other, and they are God's children. Let us teach more to the other, and they are God's children. Let us teach more of them, as we taught this child, taking that loaf of bread and offering of milk as sign that God will provide for us in the lass man, for I always despised his principles—if he ever had any. I cay there is no man in the Democratic party of the bare over thirty near little and word of West Chester, or in the counterpart of the bare over thirty near little and they are the suggestion at once. And now, we have over thirty near little and they are the suggestion at once to the other, and they want men to know just where I stand.

Alice and I, one to the other, and they want men to know just where I stand.

I thus must make this public declaration and repeat it—I have never been a Dougthat loaf of bread and offering of milk as sign that God will provide for us in the lass man, for I always despised his principles—if he ever had any. I cay there is have over thirty poor little children up borough of West Chester, or in the coun-

> I have said I would rather vote for while reading Mr. Fleetwood spectra, as making spoken shows if it was father who was speaking to us."
>
> Mrs. Maynard shut her eyes and sat
>
> Only words," said Mr. Fleetwood, as I have never found Douglas TRUE
>
> HAVE NEVER FOUND DOUGLAS TRUE I have known him for years to be a political mountebank, a scheming trickster who recognizes the interests of but one person in the United States, and that one is Stephen A. Douglas himself. I propose to help a larger interest than that; I have higher interests than the elevation of such a man to the Presidency."

> > A GOOD story is told of a Connecticut parson. His country parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good man objected for three reasons.

> > "First," said he, "because you can't afford to give me more that three hun-

"Second, because my-preaching isn't

worth more than that. "Third because I have to collect my salary, which, heretofore, had been the I have to collect an additional hundred, it will kill me." 🚈

ITALY.-Victor Emanuel is reaping the reward of his wisdom and sugacity. A year ago Italy, was divided into seven Kingdoms, six of them ruled by foreign bayonets. Before the close of this year it will probably all be united into one Kingdom under a King of its own choice. Naples, have successively yielded to revolution. Unless there is intervention by some foreign power, there is little doubt that the States of the Church will follow. Venetia will then be the sole exception

to Italian independence. An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered-" The first step was